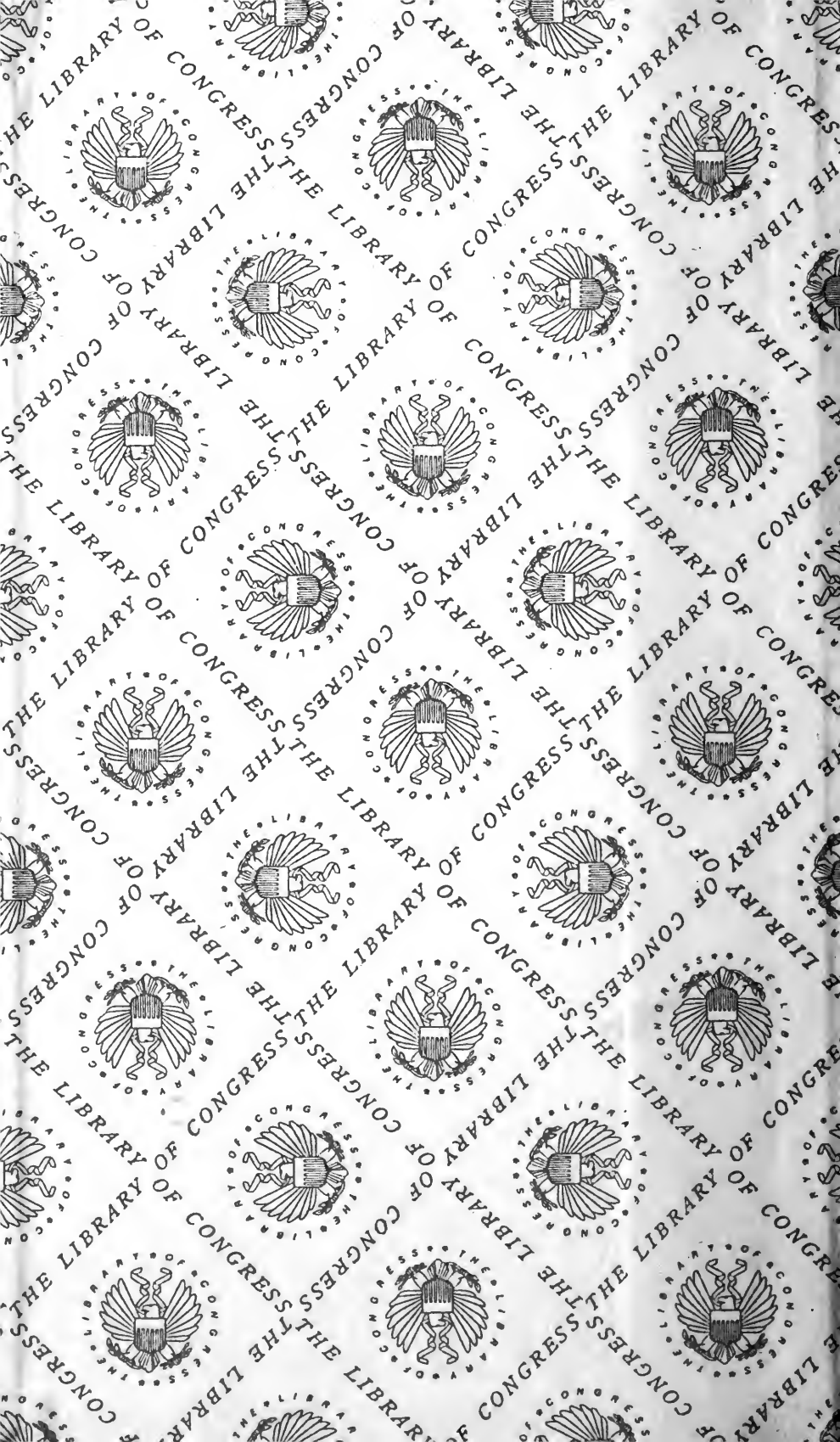
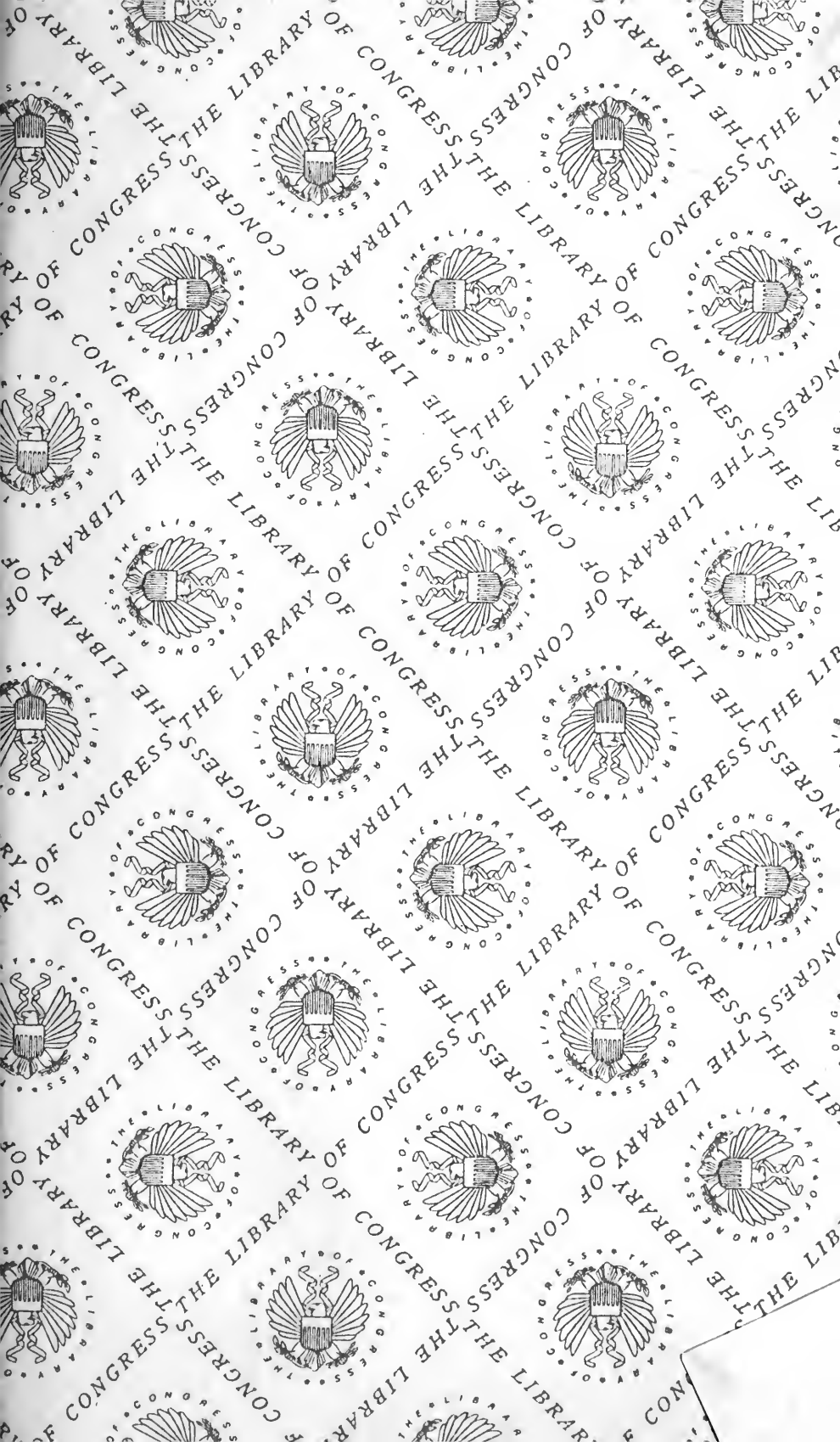
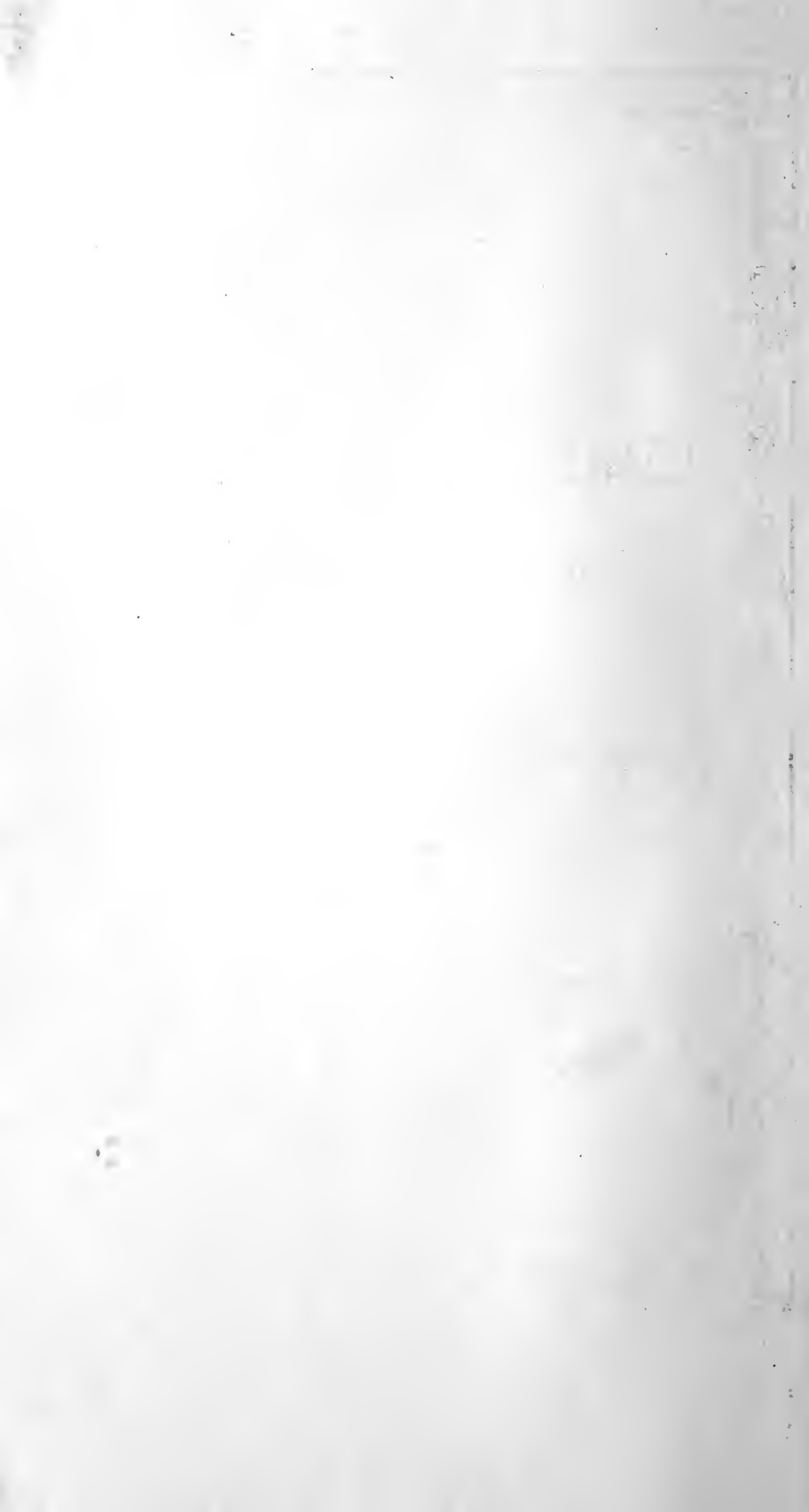


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THE ARTIST

—OF—

Quillamequaggum

AND OTHER POEMS,

INCLUDING THE

“Seer of Manito,” “Only a Poor Mechanic,”
“Bill Jones,” “Cutting the Trocha,” --a
Cuban Episode. “Marie’s Sacrifice,” &c.

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PRICE 25 CENTS



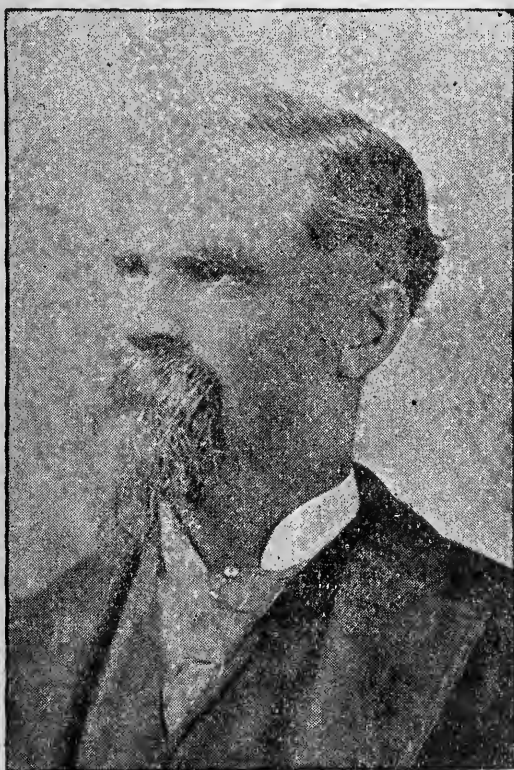
ARDMORE, I. T.,
Ardmoreite Steam Print.
1896.



THE ARTIST OF QUILLAMEQUAGGUM

—AND—

OTHER POEMS.



Crankus Vagarius, pseud.



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PREFACE.

If the predictions of THE SEER OF MANITO are too metaphysical, and put too COOL a quietus on sublunary things to suit the average reader, I would recommend the ARTIST OF QUILLAMEQUAGGUM as an afterpiece (like the farce after the tragedy) to restore his equanimity. Then he can lend himself to the adventures of the others with such zest as he can command, whether the scene is laid in Cuba, Africa, the United States, Ephesus or in the land of the "Brobdingnags."

Respectfully,

D. DAVIES.

THE SEER OF MANITO.

Ho! that last glacial age in the long ago,
When the mantling pall of ice and snow,
Covering the earth like a winding sheet,
From Atlantis to the Rockies feet;
Piling Laurentian debris high
Above the coals of Illinois,
Leveling mountains in its course,
With crushing, grinding, bestial force;
When the "Ice King" piled the broad moraine,
From high bold port on many a plain,
As outworks to his stronghold grand,
That covered all the northern land;
That buried nations in its might,
With sweeping, blind, relentless blight;
Has left small trace of ancient art,
Small trace of workshop, tower or mart,
That marked where ancient civilization
Had fought against disintegration.
But, stripped of all that makes earth bright,
Few, few survived the withering blight.
In that far glacial age, man lost
His joy in that once pleased him most.
Forced to the most ungainly thrift,
The glacial cave and river drift
Betray small trace of what we feel
Must once have been a commonweal;
But forced to live mid ice and snows,
Like wandering hordes of Eskimo's;
Where once had been great populous nations

Were now mere scattered habitations,
Where, on the ice-cliffs verge, a few
Might scant subsistence gain. Adieu
To thought of progress where no need
Awaits the man of brains or greed.
Before there's progress architectural,
Before there's progress intellectual,
Before there's science, law and art:
Advancement in each minor part
That goes to make the varied scheme
Of civilization, man must deem
He has a right within the soil,
He has a right unto his toil
And what it brings him: Selfish ends,
In aggregate, is that which tend
To elevate the race. Each acts his part
In field, in palace, court or mart;
Each, subject to his rank and station,
Is part and parcel of the nation;
A freeman each in his degree,
Each owning his own royalty;
Blended together in one sense
For government and for defense;
Feeling the sense of power to hold
That which his thrift can turn to gold;
Banded together in the cause
Of justice, liberty and laws,
With all of their varying moods and phases
That come from contact with the races
With which we deal. Sweep all away,
As did the ice in ancient day,
Little is left to tell the story
Of what was once a nation's glory;
For, 'cept with fair environment,
Civilization is but weak and faint;
The intellect is dwarfed and stunted,
The finer faculties are blunted;
Man retrogrades. The mountain "cracker"
Whose dreams are whiskey and "Terbacker"
Came from that stock that on King's Mount,
Would vanquish Tarleton, Vance or Blount;

But, buried in some quiet nook,
 Remote from magazine or book,
 Unknowing of the world's progression,
 Begins the work of retrogression;
 And he, who might have been a "Class,"
 Is now a brainless, senseless ass.
 Four generations from that Boone,
 Who sighed for wider elbow room,
 We find a set of drivelling dolts
 Instead of Clays, Lamars or Holts.

* * * * *

The combat waged. How long? Who knows?
 The glacial age has passed; its snows,
 That battled long, but battled in vain
 Against onslaughts of sun and rain,
 But foot by foot had to give way
 Before the fervid of God of day.
 Like earth's great conqueror, matchless till
 He meets another greater still;
 Forced to give ground, with slow retreat
 Before fierce Phebus' fervent heat,
 Yet, urged by glacial power behind,
 Condensed by sun, rain, snow and wind,
 A constant, growing, ceaseless wave,
 Brought that to southern plains that gave
 A subsoil rich where waving grain
 Now grows upon the treeless plain,
 Supplying millions wants, with store
 To furnish many millions more,
 So list to this Saga of Manito's Seer
 Who lived in the glacial epoch drear.

THE SEER.

1 Once o'er the plains that stretched from the east
 To the base of the Rockies, dwelt man and beast;
 The bison ranged in countless herds,
 The forests rang with the songs of birds,

- The tribes roamed over the forests wild,
The soil was fertile, the climate mild;
Storks fed on the lagoons of Illinois,
And the world was filled with content and joy.
- 2 The winter's frost was scarcely known,
The warmth was like that of the torrid zone;
Art, science, law and education
Had welded tribes into a nation;
The harvests of Assineboi
Fed fishermen of Illinois,
And all was peaceful and serene
As the lambs sporting on yon green.
- 3 A change came in those days of old;
The climate suddenly grew cold,
The streams were locked in winter's grasp,
Which springtime rays could not unclasp,
The glacial fields in widening course
Moved onward with resistless force,
Nor ceased until the sun's fierce glow
Held them in check at the Ohio.
- 4 Forced by the logic of circumstance, men
Sought shelter in caves, like beasts in a den.
Improvement had ceased, despair stalked abroad,
Famine and pestilence whetted the sword.
Hardships, want, famine and pestilent breath
Swept multitudes off to an unhonored death;
Subjects rebelled, though our rule had been mild,
And ruthlessly butchered man, woman and child.
- 5 The moraines were formed of rock, clay and sand,
The rank moist lagoon became tillable land,
The constant accretions moved steadily on,
Till forced to succumb to the heat of the sun.
The waters ice walled on the north changed mouth,
And their contents were drained to the far distant
south
Where Chicago's Creek and the Illinois flow,
The lakes sought drainage to Mexico.

- 6 Races weaker in physique, but skilled in the arts,
Used weapons of smoke 'gainst our arrows and darts.
Walled by ice on one side, on the other fell foes,
Sunk the sun of Maneeta, and nevermore rose.
Numberless ages have swept to their graves,
Gone are our wisemen, gone are our braves,
Our nation has perished, its glories are gone,
Oh! why am I left in my sorrow alone?
- 7 Once I read an old myth of a desperate fight
'Twixt the Titans of old through the morn, noon and
night
Of an extended age: So, in hopeless defeat,
The glacial band fought in their desperate retreat;
Long they held to the line of the great northern
waters,
Long the lakes drained into the great Father of
Waters,
Till, the ice-barriers melted, like a laughing Lothario,
The waves bounded north through the gorge of
Ontario.
- 8 South of the line of the great Northern bay,
From Laurentian hills to Rockamonta,
Long the ice-barrier lodged: The lake of the north
Took the debris the Assiniboia sent forth.
By the constant action of Jupiter Pluvius
The Morass and bog slowly filled with Alluvias,
Till, bursting its bonds with a mighty huzza,
The waters uncovered sweet Manitoba.
- 9 Oh, Manitoba! ere the glacial age, thou,
From the great northern ocean to hot Mexico.
From Labrador coasts to dark Florida,
And west to the Rockies held limitless sway.
The birch bark canoe floated over thy waters,
O, brave were thy sons, and lovely thy daughters,
My foresires in justice administered law,
And peace ruled supreme throughout Manitoba.
- 10 O Manitoba, sweet clime of the north!
God's country thou art; land of honor and worth.

I look down the ages, I see a new race,
 Of different color, feature and face,
 Covering the land, from the east to the west,
 With broad iron roadways, with steeds of unrest,
 That panting and snorting with fabulous loads
 Scream with delight as they traverse thy roads.

- 11 A changeful, varying, unstable race,
 Gifted with intellect, energy, grace.
 In primeval forests the sharp rifle cracks,
 And temples of learning keep pace with the axe.
 Forces long hidden contribute their power,
 Cities spring up as it were in an hour,
 Strange temples, strange Gods; old faiths under ban.
 Even the lightning of Jove is the servant of man.

* * * * *

Again I look: Again great changes:
 Low levelled are the mountain ranges.
 The wide plateau with thread-like seams,
 Growing into wild mountain streams,
 Disintegrating, grinding, breaking,
 Furrowing, pulverizing, shaking,
 Gives block by block, or grain by grain,
 What fills the distant sea or plain.
 Each stream that crashes through the hill
 Was once a harmless puny rill.
 But frost, snow, sunshine, wind and rain
 Have seamed the solid mountain plain
 Like a hand wide spread: Each space between
 The fingers is a mountain stream:
 Naught left but ridges which try in vain
 To hold the semblance of mountain chain.
 But such has been: The Titans slaughter
 Is but the action of wind and water,
 Frost, ice and snow, Sol's piercing rays
 Acting through countless, countless days,
 And in different ages to come yet the chains
 Of the ice king will captive hold Manito's plains.

* * * * *

Look Eons yet adown the ages:
 The Titans fight no longer rages.

The powers that have always master been
Are vanquished now. Moisture and rain
No longer vivify the plain.
The waters that once over all the earth
Rippled and laughed in innocent mirth,
Retreating, brought forth first the mountain chain,
Then, later uncovered the blushing plain;
Raging and foaming in wild joyous glee;
Levelling the plateau and filling the sea,
Have filtered through the thirsty earth
To hidden fires. Now a land of dearth.
No longer does earth crust expand
With earthquake shock. Dry, streamless land,
Surrounded by an envelope
Of ether that has not a drop
Of moisture to provoke a storm,
Or show the rainbow's hue and form.
All life—fish, insect, quadruped,
Bird, tree and herb forever dead.
No moisture in the soil to nourish
Plant life that once on earth did flourish.
Earth's hidden stores of coal and oil,
Reluctantly, had yielded all
To keep man's ravening wants supplied
Ere desperate nations sank and died.
The rivers long had ceased to flow;
No longer formed rain, ice or snow.
The fiery sun as the ages swept by
Was slowly cooling in the sky
And now shone on a cloudless earth
Intensely cold. Bald, sterile dearth
Was in all things. Internal heat,
Ages had been in full retreat;
All substances that warmth could give,
Whereby a remnant small could live
A few more hours, had long since vanished:
The race of man, chilled, desperate, famished,
Extracting meager nutriment
From fossil forms long since extinct;
In desperate greed, brother 'gainst brother,
Father 'gainst son, slew one another.

The mother with haggard eyes, and wild,
No longer food could give her child;
The weaker tribes had long since vanished;
The stronger, decimated, famished;
Driven to madness with the strain
Of myriad phantasms in each brain,
In bestial struggles to maintain
A bare existence: Sank to animals,
They lived as famished cannibals,
Till all were gone. The world was dead.
No ice sheet o'er the land was spread,
No frosty filaments were seen
To mark where moisture once had been;
But, wrapped with pall of cold intense,
No atmosphere for a defense,
Earth sank to rest—a ruined world—
No Titan fragments outward hurled,
No furrowed, labyrinthine scars,
No rude concussion of the stars
Its death throes marked; No Vulcan's wrath,
No conflagration in its path—
Death settled, cold, majestic, grand
As ice pall o'er the arctic land.



THE ARTIST OF QUILLAMEQUAGGUM.

A Tale of Pre-Adamite Times by Crankus Vagarius.

- 1 If most costly elaborate viands
Prepared by DeGastro of Gaul
Were offered a confirmed dyspeptic,
'Twould his gastric arrangements appal.
Why? The man has no stomach, and so
If I offer you food for the mind,
And you have none to take it, don't grumble,
But dig deep and a nugget you'll find.
- 2 I talk not to vacuous brainless snobs,
Nor to icicled chumps of frigidity;
Who, having no humor within themselves,
Would stiffen us all to rigidity;
Useless pimples and warts on natures broad face,
Seeing nothing outside "our society"
Would sneer at the thought of a good hearty laugh,
The index of healthful variety.
- 3 Dear brothers and sisters of Quallamequag,
'Tisn't often that poets and artists will brag;
Though we gulp it down kindly, if our patrons will
gush
At our marvelous works with pen, graver and
brush.
And I'm sure I'll not feel that you use me ungallant
If you say "brother Crankus shows wonderful
talent."
We artists and doctors may hang out our sign;
But 'twill forfeit our caste to advertise a line.

- 4 In grand old Cardiff are a dozen church spires;
And all of these churches have organs and choirs,
Where each singer bellows with fervor and zest,
And every one thinks his own clack sounds the
best.
Ah! your poets and songsters are one-idead men.
They remind me dear friends of our old speckled
hen,
Who, laying an egg with immense ingenuity
Will ne'er rest content till she cackles to shew it ye,
- 5 Now your Fadladeen critic has little but curses
For the singer of songs or maker of verses.
The bee sips sweet honey from the flower he flies on;
Same, tapped by the spider yields nothing but
pizon.
Your leader of choir, your black warbler of "Caws,"
Each thinks his own music most merits applause;
So, critic, with songster and bard deal quite warily,
For Ego is large in their heads necessarily.
- 6 Do you think that Miller, Poe, Bryant, or Whittier
Would poetry write if they thought it unfit to hear?
Do you think that Harte, Stoddard, or Lowell de
Russell
Write verses just to cram under a bushel?
No! If drops something good from brush, pencil or
pen,
All cackle it forth like our old friend the hen;
This is well understood, though no words may be
said,
"Look! See what a beautiful egg I have laid."
- 7 "In pre-Adamite days they had lectures and plays,
And open air concerts legrand;
Where Quillamequaggumite numbskulls
The speakers oft hissed from the stand.
Often half-witted noodles, who thought themselves
smart,
Would groan, cat-call, hiss, snort and sneeze;
For those who know least about music and art
Are always the hardest to please."

- 8 "I grieve to record that in Quillamequag
Whenever an artist was singing,
The accompanying squad, on timbrel and lute
Made a most unmerciful dinging.
'Tis so even now, for, go to a play,
The orchestral bucks everlastingly bray,
Pipe, fiddle and lute, drums, brasshorns and tin,
Drown music and words with their hideous din."
- 9 "To vocal effect, the instruments all
Should be subordinated,
And a merciless thumper on ivory
Is a nuisance that should be abated.
Good, plain spoken English in ballad or song
Though with moderate voice, by jingo!
Is better to me than a seraphim's note
Couched in some foreign lingo."
- 10 From Helico-bawl to Quillamequag,
Come, Professor "De-run-on-the-treble clef"
He selected some arias of classical fame
Which he played on the "Bang-till-he-make-'em-
deaf."
Such music! alas! 'Tis not heard in our age;
He performed the Grand Wagner Enharmonic;
And forty-seven whang-doodles howling with rage
Would be mild to his cyclone climacteric.
- 11 "'Twas a failure! Alas! Some boys in the pit,
With heads soft enough to be plastic,
Cried, 'Rats,' 'Wipe off your chin,' 'Chestnuts,'
'Give us a rest,'
With other remarks quite sarcastic.
'Tis the same in this age. The average crowd
Is for minstrel tomfoolery burning,
As the Manna fed hordes of Moses
For the flesh pots of Egypt were yearning."
- 12 "I have known many ladies of wealth,
Refinement and social position
To whisper, sneer, giggle and laugh
While their neighbors were trying to listen.

Small meed has the artist to squander
On such infinitesimal brains
The well conceived double entendre
Or the jest that is chiseled with pains."

- 13 "I decry not the comical ditty,
The jest or the minstrel's art,
Quaint Sambo's mishaps in the city,
Or brave Teddy exploring the mart;
But I pray you be fair to your neighbor
Who does not appreciate levity;
Though you think to laugh and grow fat
Is conducive to health and longevity."
- 14 "The crowd cheers the grossest buffoonery;
The antics of Yawcob or Pat,
Where fine wit and delicate humor
Would fall, as a batter cake, flat.
'Tis the kernel that's hid in the nut;
Takes a little brain effort to crack it,
While the dullest can laugh at an idiot,
Pin a tag on George Washington's jacket."
- 15 "Ah! The world, social life, Mistress Grundy,
methinks
Are much the same now as of yore,
For the plain man of modest merit
Is dwarfed by the side of a blower.
Aye! The man that is guiltless of brains
Is sure to be puffed and conceited,
As the monster balloon: 'Tis a slender affair
When of Hydrogen gas 'tis depleted."
- 16 "How oft we see brazen effontery
For genuine merit mistaken,
How oft the true husband or wife
For some shameless intriguer forsaken.
Your chaffy wheat stalk standeth straight
And scorns the filled head of the other,
As some collegebred makeshift, with orders,
Looks down on his less fortunate brother."

- 17 "Your Clay-eating, snuff-dipping women
Are most angry unless they're dubbed ladies,
And your goody-good prayers and preachers
Dread cholera, fever and rabies.
Your poet who sings of "Sweet Home"
Is either an outcast or tramp,
As your ranter of hellfire and brimstone
Is a rascal, a fool or a scamp."
- 18 "Your honey-sweet warbler, I fear
Is the devil to children and wife,
And your fork-using critic but lately
Only knew how to brandish his knife.
Ah! I think that the world is a farce,
That in Denmark—there's something quite rotten,
When I see country girls dumped in town
Don't know pumpkins, squash, carrots or cotton."
- 19 "In Quillamequag they had doctors of physic
Who cured all complaints from lumbago to
phthysic,
Or professed so to do; for their medical schools
Would often grind out some unmerciful fools.
'Gainst one luckless wight they would roar like
dangnation.
For modestly arguing the blood's circulation.
Hiss 'quack!' 'fool!' empiric!' and hurl brickbats
and rocks
'Gainst the man that would advocate using
cowpox."
- 20 "At Cardiff and Swansea the flashy-dressed maid
Shuns her over-worked, ignorant mother,
And the starveling dude looks down with contempt
On his plain dressed mechanical brother.
Matilda, Louisa, Jerusha and Jane
Will sneer at a thrifty mechanic,
While the gorgeous clerk working for six-bits a day
Will set the dear things in a panic."
- 21 "'Twas thus long ago; and how often we notice

- The partners our girls choose for German or
Schottische,
To sensible men they act boorish or rude,
While they cling like grim death to the spider
legged dude.
If I venture to say, 'neice, this man has some
brain'—
'Brain's a thin thing to dance with, dear uncle,'
says Jane.
'Talent like that doesn't count,' says Ann Meigs,
'But there's genius sure in the twirl of Bob's
legs.' "
- 22 "Metheglyn too stout makes a big bugaboo,
Disturbing good quiet folks slumber,
And a number six foot in a number three shoe
Breeds bunions and corns without number.
For fashion's sake, girls with a thirty inch girth
Compress it with corset to twenty,
And go to the boneyard at twenty and eight
When they might have been healthy at seventy."
- 23 "Your parvenu, suddenly lifted to wealth,
That on lousy old chums bangs the door,
Ditto, wife from the washtub to affluence raised,
Now exacting and harsh to the poor,
Disgusted will turn from a grand masterpiece
By Raphael, Turner or 'Bob'
To a play bill engraved with a hatchet,
Which at once they pronounce the best job."
- 24 "If an artist of exquisite talent
Should play on the viol or lute
In strains of melodious sweetness,
It fails their coarse natures to suit.
To their neighbors whose keener perception
Appreciates beauty and art,
They whisper, 'say, don't you think old Bob Jenkins
Fiddles better nor that a right smart?' "
- 25 "In Quillamequag, Dame Fashion decrees
That an actress, in order the public to please

Must have twenty gallants at least in her train,
Though but one is entitled to call her 'sweet
Jane,'

According to law,—'tis a mighty thin show
If an actress has only one string to her bow.
A much married actress draws better than one
That is cold, prudish, chaste, and tries evil to
shun."

26 "With us 'tis the same: With faultless sur-
roundings,
An actress will fail to draw nabobs or groundlings.
'Jerusalem Jenkins,' or 'Gloria Patrie'
Give place on the boards to bold 'Cleopatra.'
To rouse public feeling way down to the bottom,
Dame Scandal must point to Langtry and Sara;
Then to get choice of seats the bald magnates of
Gotham
Will rush like the winds o'er the plains of
Sahara."

27 "Your wrinkled old actor tries his best to look young,
Though windbroken, squinteyed, half deaf and
knee sprung.
He swears in his bills (though he pads every limb)
That the ladies are madly devoted to him,
And send him love letters, a deluging shower,
Which to stop is entirely out of his power.
Fifty such letters he burns every day—
Bah! They were every one written by a scribe in
his pay."

28 "In Quillamequag councils, 'tis said that their
solons,
Though counting spondulix by hundreds of
millions;
Placed in power by the people, will bleed 'em or
bust,
To further the schemes of some big sugar trust,
Fed on blue grass, dear colonels are apt to wax
furious
And thicken blue ether with language sulphurious,

Or with top-lofty language in church matters shine
While bobbing their bald pates at SWEET
MADELINE."

- 29 "The patriot brave for his party God howls.
And shouts loud as hired chief mourners,
And with filth his opponents fair nest befouls
To crowds round saloons and street corners.
Protection, free silver, bimetal or gold,
The way that the matter now stands,
No matter who wins, the poor rascal can bet
He's a dupe in monopolists hands."
- 30 "Free coinage, each rich silver baron will smile
With a fourteen inch grin on his phiz;
And if gold wins, the rich manufacturing crowd
Will immediately open up bizz.
Huge deals are in fashion; the populists there
Are with democrats rubbing their noses,
While in Texas repubs, pops and gold men well
fused,
To the daises are turning their toeses."
- 31 "At court balls, receptions, and fancy soirees,
The Quillamequag damsels the public to please,
In the hot flush of youth, would surge through the
press,
As they do in our times, all arrayed in full dress.
What a monstrous misnomer! Yet, though Solons
wax sad
To see lovely women so scantily clad;
While my pulse bounds with life, I'm free to confess,
'Tis refreshing to see ladies decked in full dress."
- 32 "I have sometimes been asked why I choose simple
songs
Instead of grand classical Arias?
You are certain as night follows day to lose caste
And be classed among musical pariahs.
Here is John Wynde, Kate Squeal, Nan Screech and
Bob Blower,
Our boss choir, thinks such music a scandal;

Root, Emerson, DAVIES, and Bliss they ignore,
And sing only Mozart and Handel."

33 "Have you heard them?" "I have." "Did you like them?" "So, so."

"They're the best in the county." "Oh! yes, yes, I know,
Every choir is the best, though each wind-broken rascal
Will shamefully butcher grand music and classical.
A Forzando tone will remorselessly cut it off,
Beat time with their voices when singing a dotted half,
Squeal, bellow and fret in a manner most strange,
Yet always select music out of their range."

34 "Each amateur songster as soon as he's able
Plain music to grapple, shoves it under the table;
And your band tyro thinks that with Gabriel's key bugle
He could rouse up the dead like Khan Khoob, the grand mogul.
They sneer at plain songs and to Tophet they fling them;
Then of classical anthems they make a sad guy.
Such arias I leave to the few that can sing them,
Dear friends, and the numberless thousands that try."

35 "In musical matters you'll find some quite prominent
Who don't know a Tonic chord from a sub-dominant;
Fret, scowl, pinch their throats, (unmusical grind)
Where the voice should roll free as the unfettered wind.
Even the clergy—tread softly—there's not one in ten
Gives sentiment, feeling, or force to a hymn
When they read it; I tell you, dear friends, 'tis as wrong
To butcher the words, as to murder the song."

THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

BY MISS HIGH SEE.

36 "Let me show you, dear friends, our new village choir.

To sing like an angel each one does aspire.

Sure there's Mary and Jane, there's Kitty and Fan,
oh!

They sing with my help most delightful soprano.
There's our sky-scraping tenor, with throat fit to
lasso,

Craned to reach upper "B;" then Jim Collins the
basso,

Here is Mattie McCoon and her sweet sister Sal, too;
Great spoons! Don't they sing most amazing
sweet alto?

37 There's a cloud in the sky, not predicted by Vennor.
Sal and Mattie McCoon have gone back on the
tenor;

They aver it a fact, and they're able to show it;
He sang three notes on their staff, when his score
was below it.

Need I tell you dear friends, such small things I
detest;

But in singing soprano all know I'm the best;
If any so bold as deny this position,
Better order a coffin or get a physician.

38 Why, just think! F Sharp our tall tenore immaculate,
Is determined the choir he will never evacuate;
And he swears that Jim Collins, the Basso Profundo,
Sings by mains strength, Primo, Tertio, Secundo.
And, to tell you the truth, though an excellent
fellow,

Our leader B Flat does most terribly bellow;
His voice is too loud for Jane, Kitty and Fan, oh!
If it wasn't for me you could hear no soprano."

"THE WORD AT THE DOOR."

BY BOB BROWN.

- 39 At a neighbor's, last winter, my wife and myself
Were making a neighborly call;
The farewells were spoken at nine o'clock sharp,
As she placed on her bonnet and shawl;
"Let me whisper one word"—at a quarter to ten,
Two streams of small talk still were pouring;
While poor I on the lounge, with my overcoat on,
Was contentedly sleeping and snoring.
-

THE MAJOR TELLS WHAT HE KNOWS.

BY DITTO.

- 40 As a scribe for the Banner, I once made a call
On a capital chap, Major Hattel.
He alone in the army saw Swingletree fall,
While leading his corps into battle.
Says I, "Major H., you saw Swingletree fall?"
"Why yes, my dear fellow, God bless you!"
"Then be kind enough, Major, to tell what you
know,
And we'll publish it in our next issue."
- 41 To this he assented, we took out some chairs,
Placed our feet on the piazza railings;
But I soon found that long winded stories
Was one of the Major's failings.
I sat him three days. He began at the war,
At night talked of Russia and Poland,
Next night talked of Smith and the big "Injun" girl,
And the next night of Christopher Colon.
- 42 My patience exhausted, at last, says I, "Major
I am really unable to see
What the 'dickens' all this palaver
Has to do with my friend Swingletree."
"A vast deal, sir," responded the Major,

“As I’ll quickly proceed to show;
For you dodgasted rascal, you asked me
To tell you all that I know.”

- 43 “I have been thus minute in description, says he,
To remove all doubts and perplexity,
But I’ve used up no hour saying, just one word
more
As your wife, sir, while holding the knob of the
door.”
Stumped at this, bewildered and caught in my
trap,
I hastily picked up my satchel and cap.
“Now,” says he, “I’m sorry, friend Brown, you
must go
For in three or four years I might tell what I
know.”

THE RIVAL SONGSTERS:

OR,

THE NIGHTINGALE AND CROW.

- 44 ’Tis said that one time in the long, long ago
A nightingale had a dispute with a crow
As to which was the better musician.
Each stoutly maintained that his voice was the
sweetest
The highest, the lowest, the clearest, the greatest;
Each vowed the tune taught by his own dad the
neatest,
And the one altogether sufficient.
- 45 The spite in his bosom each bird failed to smother,
For whenever they met, they assailed one another
With rancorous hate in their greetings.
Each felt of the other most terribly jealous,
Each would puff, swell and bluster while filling his
bellows

To toot, as full oft I have noticed two fellows
Of the human persuasion, at meetings.

- 46 As boys of today grow in time to be daddies,
As a quarrel must come to hard knocks 'twixt two
paddies,
So their row to a focus tended.

But neighbors of one said to friends of the other,
"Let us hush if we can this outrageous bother."

So they stated to one bird, and then to the other
A plan by which things might be mended.

- 47 Each bird then required a vast deal of teasing
Before he would listen to sound sense or reason,
For the plan, as proposed, was a wise one.
"Let us travel a straight line, due east and west,
'Till we come to a rock, then we'll sit down and
rest,

And who first approaches, bird, man or beast,
Shall tell which to place this prize on."

- 48 At last they agreed to this sensible plan;
And the nightingale hoped 'twould be left to a
man
With some glimmer of musical taste.

"Faugh! Hear that old crow with his boisterous
hooting"—

Listen to me—"Bah!" says the crow, "stop your old
tooting—"

Why the devil keep up this foolish disputing,
My CAWS shall not thus be disgraced."

- 49 They journeyed along 'till they came to a rock;
When the nightingale's feelings received a rude
shock,

For who should approach but John Donkey.

However, the compact could not be debated,
So quickly, to John the question was stated,

Who with unwonted honor felt highly elated,
Though some good folks reckoned John cranky.

50 "Well," (brays) says John, "I'll accept the position
with pleasure,
Come, Sir Nightingale, troll us a stave, or a
measure,
A song, hymn, ditty or ballad;
For music, you see, I've a bountiful ear,
And my voice (brays) is always amazingly clear;
Here my bones I will rest, while you tune up, my
dear,
Faith I'll munch this fine bundle of salad."

51 Then the nightingale perched on some tall granite
rocks
And his notes would wring tears from the heart of
an ox,
So clearly and sweetly they blended.
All bird-dom acknowledged him musical king;
Aye, even the bird of the grand swooping wing;
Never, never such notes did a nightingale sing;
All nature was hushed when he ended.

52 "Well, (brays) my friend, you're a buster, you are
sharp as a Yankee,
And you sing doggone well," says our noble John
Donkey,
"But as yet I withhold my decision;
An umpire must list to both sides, you must know,
So we'll lend our ears to our friend, Master Crow;
Come, Jimmy, cheer up, show us what you can do—
All right, that's a splendid position."

53 James M. Crow takes position, he clears up his
throat—

Now the prairie resounds with the harsh screech-
ing note

Of his CAW, CAW so long drawn and lanky.

See! our donkey judge loses all sense of decorum;
He strides up and down like a man in the forum,

And joins in the song with his hic (bray) hoc
(brays) horum (brays)

In the soul stirring strains of a donkey.

54 "I know (brays) Master Nightingale that maketh you sick.

Ah! 'tis seldom I hear such excellent music;

'Tis almost as good as what I make,

Whenever I serenade (brays) charming Miss Jennet—

Ho! She kicks up her heels and is gay as a linnet—

I can not withhold my decision a minute—

The prize doth our friend Master Crow take."

55 Much more of this sort says one excellent judge;

While the nightingale hangs down his head and says "fudge"—

In the tone of an old time Virginian.

"I'm compelled to abide by our judge's award

Though any fool knows the decision absurd;

But yet I will sing and my voice shall be heard;

This, at best, is a donkey's opinion."

THE STORY OF BELLY-GROW-BIG,

THE FAMOUS WELSH EATER.

56 The Quillamequags of famous Cardiff,

In Pre-Adamite days long gone by,

Sent for Belly-Grow-Big, the Welshman,

One Christmas, or Fourth of July,

Saying, "Sure we have wagered, friend Belly,

As you are more than an ordinary 'Taffy'

That you can at a single sitting

Devour a four-hundred pound calffy."

57 A smile of lordly dimensions

Crossed the face of our primitive Taffy;

"I'll do it tomorrow," "No, do it today,

We are now barbecuing the calffy."

"Good day boys," says he, "Au revoir, au revoir,

I'll be back in two hours and a half;

I'm going to Swansea to gobble an ox,

Returning I'll tackle your calf."

THEOLOGY IN QUILLAMEQUAGGUM.

SHOWING OUR VAST SUPERIORITY.

58 'Twas a strange faith that flourished in Quillamequay.

Superstition, deep-dyed in the wool, there held sway.

They believed in a God of all nature:

Held that all things existent were made by his hand;

That he had no pet people, no base cut-throat band,

That suns, systems, planets—the universe grand

Moved throughout space by the will and command

Of this one indivisible Maker.

59 Their reasons were warped, for they firmly believed
That all men were destined, in time to be saved
From the gloom of a shadowing hell.

That in the grand plan of creation, man's ways
From youth to old age, through life's devious maze

Was known from the first to the Ancient of Days,
Who said of his work, "It is well."

60 How feeble such dogmas to us who are schooled
In modern theology. Tempted, tried, ruled
By diabolic monsters of evil;

Luring man to his fall, giving God the blank lie,
Sowing discord throughout the broad realms of the sky,

Uplifting foul arms to dethrone the Most High,
Led by Satan, the grand master devil.

61 Ah! we relish strong creeds, though ninety-ninths of mankind

God's mandates find cruel, harsh, devilish, unkind,
Tried by modern robustious theology.

"Though Christ died for all, yet on quivering sand,

Lapped by treacherous waves, the unorthodox stand:

We are saved, yet hell's jaws for our foes will expand

And devils will shout their doxology."

STORY OF BISHOP PINCH-LIMB.

- 62 'Tis a tale of a worthy old bishop who traveled
In Wales, headquarters at Swansea,
Who, like many a man with an overworked noddle,
Possessed one peculiar fancy;
But so firmly impressed and believed in, that
nothing
His friends said could soothe him or pacify:
It was this: As age drew upon him, he feared
That his bodily members would ossify.
- 63 A most excellent man, yet this one monomania
He talked through the cities and provinces;
And knowing this foible 'tis said that his friends
For the same made all needful allowances.
Hip, thigh, leg and arm he would pinch every day
Making thus a careful analysis,
To observe that each member when pinched should
display
No signs of approaching paralysis.
- 64 The Countess of Gower invited the bishop,
Lords, knights and fair ladies to tussle
With an elegant dinner of beef and plum pudding
She had spread on the boards of the castle.
On the right of the countess one worthy old priest,
Dressed in farthingale, surplice and gown,
Blessed the board and all present, and then to the
feast
All hands and the cook sat down.
- 65 He grabbed at his leg for the usual analysis,
While an extra broad smile illumined her grace.
Still harder he pinched, but the dreaded paralysis
Was certainly coming to judge from his face.
At first a pained look, then a yell like cat screeching
From one good worthy priest, who in great con-
sternation
Yelled "'tis on me at last—it has come sure as
preaching!
I've been pinching my legs yet I feel no sensation."

66 Lords, ladies and knights shook their heads and
commented

At such a finale to such a grand feast;
Some averred the good bishop was surely demented,
When the countess addressed thus the people and
priest:

"Be easy, good friends, stop this racket and row;
Be seated again and finish the stew;
For this is the truth," said the Countess of Gower,
"'Tis my legs he's been pinching the last half an
hour."

THE ARTIST OF QULLAMEQUAGGUM.

BY CRANKUS VAGARIUS OF YE OLDEN TIME.

67 'Tis said in the mythical days of the past, sir,
The first artist essayed a picture;
And spying a quadruped out in the pasture
He produced an amazing caricature.
Unlike modern artists with palette, brush, stool,
Canvass, easel, and pigments in plenty;
His paint and his brush was a piece of charcoal,
And his canvass, a rock hard and flinty.

68 Like an urchin when rearing a structure of blocks,
Our artist was highly delighted,
And gleefully made many scrawls on the rocks
To show to his brethren benighted.
To the call of the artist, howe'er it was made,
A hundred or more came together;
Just as now, every boy in the squad knowing more
Than his DADDY and MAM put together.

69 Now whether by whistling, by squeaking or
grunting,
For language devices, I care not;
Whether naked and hairy, or covered with bunting,
For truth's sake, to tell you I dare not;
But ignoring all questions of costume and style,

A hundred or more for a quorum,
"Guess what 'tis," said the artist: then each took
one trial,
As he gazed on the picture before him.

70 In deliberate fashion then stepped to the front
John Quillamequaggum, the elder,
He gave a most knowing and sensible grunt,
And said 'twas a Whack-till e-welder!
Now these like the Fetch-your-gun Johnnie's have
gone
To the morass, the bog and the sink-hole,
Along with the Mastock, the Ichthy-co-john,
And the Hy-drix-i-col-i-co-dinkle.

71 Old John stepped aside, then sweet Peggy, his bride,
With a fur coat as sleek as a beaver,
Her eyeglass screwed in, shook her bracelets
of tin,
And vowed that they could not deceive her,
For she and old John for eight hundred years
Had kept their eyes peeled, HOLY MOSES!
And this picture evincing such artistic skill
Is meant for a Drink-mit-your-noses.

72 The third one affirmed that old Peggy and John
Being so aged, were scarcely to blamee
But cosmopolites, surely, could tell from the
sketch
'Twas a Melican-man-alle-samee.
The fourth one averred, "from the size of the flaps
Like panniers each side of a saddle
As I have but one guess you must see that I am
right;
'Tis a Fetch-him-a-lick-on-the-noddle."

73 Number five now danced in with a hop, skip and
jump,
Saying, "aw that ith weally quite fine,
But 'twould weally be bettah if ouah ahtist had
uthed
Nithe blue colahed chahcoal like mine."

Ah! A dude of the dudes was our friend number five,

He parted his hair in the middle:
Of a musical turn he would rasp hour by hour
His one tune (brays) on the Quillamequag fiddle.

- 74 Rejoice, clothing men that you live in our day;
Ye Christian, ye Pagan, ye Jew,
For the raiment in fashion in Quillamequag
Gave the clothiers but little to do.
Skintight was his outfit, bewitching his phiz
As any in Barnum's zoology;
Modern dudes! What are they? Simply copies
reduced
Of the dudes before Homer's Geology.

- 75 The next one says "Brethren of Quillamequag,
Our artist has sure made a puzzle;
It mostly resembles a Whall-a-me-whag,
Though his ears are too long for his nozzle.
But aside from some defects in shaping his nose,
And one leg being six inches the shortest,
If it is'nt meant for a Whall-a-me-whag
It's a Pack-up-your-duds-son-and-go-west."

- 76 Thus one and the other vented their criticisms
On the work of the artist in charcoal:
The punster delivered some marvelous witticisms,
While the artist wished him in a dark hole.
They all seemed to think that the artist had taste,
Though his efforts seemed pained and laborious,
And thought if he worked six or eight hundred
years,
He might really wax quite meritorious.

- 77 The poor artist wept. Do you wonder my friends?
He resigned his artistic profession;
But when feeble and ready to meet the pall-bearers,
He made this alarming confession;
"That 'twas neither a Mastock, an Ichthy-co-john,
A Hy-drix-i-col-i-co-dinkle.

A pack-up-your-duds-and-go-west-my-dear-son,
But a Quadru-ped-hos-per-i-winkle."

78 When art thus from Quillamequaggum was banished,
These three-fingered gents went to fighting,
'Till like Kilkenny cats, the last warrior vanished,
Which their maids left a pitiful plight in.
But whether fresh beaux with more or less toes
For a time these fair Amazons cherished,
Is more than you, I or any one knows,
For the last Quillamequaggumite perished.

79 Perished! Perished! Alas! They mingled their
forms
With the dust of the Megathausorum
And the bones of the Cardiff giants hobnob
With the Big rooster high cock-a-lo-rum.
They sleep their last sleep; but science, alas!
Has evolved their remains from the caskets;
And found by careful analysis,
That they make MOST EXCELLENT PHOSPHATES.

80 And along with remains of the Ichthy-co-john,
The Quadruped-hoss-per-i-winkle,
The Pack-up-your-duds-and-go-west-my-dear-son
And the Hy-drix-i-col-i-co-dinkle,
Are skeletons vast, of long since defunct types;
That would stagger Munchausen's rich fancy,
Which as pulverized phosphates once more are
diffused
O'er the valleys of Cardiff and Swansea.



THE RESCUE OF ZINGALAY.

AN EPISODE OF THE MATABELE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA IN 1896.

- 1 "To horse! to horse! in the twilight gray;
To horse! to horse! for the Matabele
Have risen in arms and are thundering down,
With vindictive wrath, on fair Zingalay's town."
Their sinewy forms on coursers fleet,
That reck not of storm or the mid-sun's heat,
Sweep all before them in frenzy and wrath;
Leaving a fire-ravaged desolate path.
Armed with magazine rifle and sharp assegai;
Death! death is the watchword of Matabele.
- 2 "To horse, boys, to horse!" over hill and away,
The troopers are off for the Matabele.
There are forty odd miles to Zingalay's town,
And the hillsides are barren, and parched and brown.
Ho! merry their hearts, but fierce gleams the light
In the eyes of each man as he speeds to the fight.
Reckless plainsmen are they that would spring into death
With a smile on the face and a jest on the breath
To save helpless ones from the Matabele,
The blood-reeking dart or the sharp assegai.
- 3 Little is said till they sweep o'er the brow
Of the mountain. "God's blessing! see how
They're fighting! dash on, on!" said laughing Will Brown,
"Perhaps we can yet save fair Zingalay town.
Ah! fierce is the conflict and keen is the strife
Down in the vale where they're fighting for life.
Fire and smoke mark the wreck of the outlying kraal—
Hark! the sound of the battle is borne on the gale—
On, on gallant boys, soon we'll join in the fray
With these bloodthirsty devils of Matabele."

4 Ho! The heart of each rider beats high in his breast.

Here are sons of the east, the south, north and west.

Men from Cambridge, from Yale, Oxford, Italy, Spain,

In far Afric are brothers, lured by prospects of gain.

Ah! wherever the savage with murderous knife

Wantons with innocent blood, then, in strife

Each is kin to the other, country's claims are ignored,

For Civilization each man draws his sword,

As these to the rescue of Zingalay ride

O'er the sun-scorched plain and the steep mountain side.

5 When the last stand was made on the Little Big Horn,

The strains of 'Our Country' on the breezes were borne

As Custer's doomed men with true Spartan pride,

Died like brave Greeks on Thermopyle's side.

Now, three years have vanished since Wilson's brave men,

Trapped in the savage Lobengulas den;

Cut off from succor by Shanganis' flood,

While hordes of black Impi's were thirsting for blood,

Sang "God Save the Queen" as they perished that day,

When they made their last fight 'gainst the Matabele.

6 'The old guard,' by murderous onslaughts depleted,
When from Moscow, in winter, the Frenchmen retreated,

Had dwindled, till, crossing Borysthenes' flood,

But one man was left who the foemen withstood.

He, faint from deep wounds, still stands to his arms,

As the Cossacks press round him with wars wild
alarms;
E'en the rude sons of Asia respectfully stand,
And, scorning to slay the last of that band,
They list to his challenge, with hearts strangely
tender,
"The old guard may die but will never surrender."

- 7 Ah! we of the western world glory in thought
Of the deeds that our Saxon forefathers have
wrought.
The Heaven that unites us in one common land,
Peacefully sharing our heritage grand,
Comes from the blood of our English fore-sires,
Fearlessly offered on Liberty's fires.
To our Saxon ancestry, then let us prove true;
Yet true to our colors, the red, white and blue;
So let hearts throb with pride as our kindred and
clay
Are victorious now o'er the Matabele.

- 8 "Fire a volley now, boys, let them know we are
near—
Charge up yon hillside with a good rousing cheer—
Now plunge in the fight." Ho! the Matabele
Are taken by storm and they yield in the fray.
The settlers, hard-pressed in the unequal battle,
Fighting from ramparts of bullet-slain cattle
That in haste they had driven the previous night
With loved ones for safety to Zingalay's height,
Had fought against terrible odds all that day
'Gainst magazine rifle and sharp assegai.

- 9 Ho! success to Rhodesia! let Brittain have sway;
For Ham to the Aryan, must yield in the fray.
Celt, Saxon, Latin, the heart of each ranger
Scorned the thought of peril or danger.
Right or wrong be the cause, when humanity
cries,
Man flies to the rescue; he conquers or dies.
So Spartan in honor, in valor and pride,
They rode as only the fearless can ride;

Then, a health to the troopers who saved Zingalay
From the murderous cut-throats of Matabele.

0 All colonization is based upon wrong.

Did our fore-sires do right when they bought for a
song

From the untutored Indian, the vast fertile plains
East and west of the great Appalachian chains?

Even now in the west, in the great reservation,
Though bound by our Uncle Sam's sealed
obligation,

Peaceful, it may be, but still sure and slow,
There are forces at work undermining poor 'Lo;'
For 'Saxa' and 'Arya' with banners unfurled,
Resistlessly march to the sway of the world.

ONLY A POOR MECHANIC.

1 "'Tis only a poor mechanic.'" 'Twas quickly noised
around,

As in breathless haste the people rushed where ruin
strewed the ground.

"The damage to life is very light, but the loss falls
very heavy

On Hardgrip and Pinchnickel by this bursting of
their levee."

2 "'Tis only a poor mechanic: I'm sorry, but feel
worse

For Brother Hardgrip who is hurt in person and in
purse;

For with all this wreck and ruin, 'twill take a month
to make up

The losses that he has sustained by this confounded
shake-up."

3 "'Tis only a poor mechanic.'" What notes of deep
disdain!

But the anguished face of the weeping wife was
furrowed o'er with pain;

"Oh, God! our help, our stay is gone—what shall we
do for bread,
Now husband, father, ALL is gone—he breathes—he
is not dead!

4 For Christ's sake, fetch a surgeon, quick!" the
stricken woman cried;

"Perhaps his life may yet be saved if remedies are
tried."

But the surgeon dresses Hardgrip's toe, slight
though the bruises be,

Nor deigns to look at the dying man till guaranteed
his fee.

5 "'Tis only a poor mechanic; that's all; and he is
dead."

His wife and children roam the streets in the strug-
gle for daily bread,

While in the hated Potter's field unknown, unwept
at large,

They cursed the poor mechanic buried, there at the
city's charge.

6 Only a poor mechanic; yet the widowed and father-
less mourn

O'er the loss of loving protector from their arms
thus rudely torn;

And tears of bitterest anguish o'er that lonely grave
are shed,

Though sculptured marble marks not where rests the
lowly dead.

7 Only a poor mechanic, scarce missed from the busy
crowd,

With a heart that sighed for a better lot, with an
honest soul endowed,

Who toiled and struggled with might and main for
wife and loved ones dear,

But had failed to lay bright dollars by, a rainy day
to cheer.

- 8 Who judges the worth of the casket before he has
lifted the lid?
Ah! beneath an uncouth exterior a sensitive soul
oft is hid;
Then, success to the poor mechanic, though scanty
and small be his pay,
Who labors for those that are dearest through the
turmoil and dust of the day.
- 9 Ah! sometimes this thought does impress us as being
exceedingly queer,
That men with incomes, five, ten, twenty thousand a
year
Will mutter and grumble that prices so exorbitant
they must pay
These extortionate GREASY mechanics who charge
them two dollars a day.
- 10 And if financial misfortunes o’ertake a poor laboring
man,
God pity, assist and defend him from sharks of the
Hardgrip clan
Who would take, without scruple, the last from
his little coffer and store,
And like insatiate demons still greedily watch for
more.
- 11 Aye! who would compel their victims, despite their
pressing need,
To pledge all future prospects to stay their insatiate
greed.
What reck they that every advantage from childhood
is swept away,
So their capacious pockets absorb the mechanics
pay?
- 12 Honor the brave mechanic, aye! honor the work of
his hand;
For that is the sign of advancement and culture in
every land;
Who looks for civilization where his foot-prints have
not been?

Who looks for science and art and law where the
wigwam and hovel are seen?

- 13 Honor the brave mechanic whose labor your homes
adorn;
Hail him as 'man and brother' with a welcome hearty
and warm;
All are children of ONE GREAT PARENT, the boun-
tiful GOD OF LOVE;
The MASTER MECHANIC AND BUILDER of the
eternal worlds above.

"CUTTING THE TROCHA."

A CUBAN EPISODE—1896.

- 1 "Away for the line of the trocha." The band,
With revolver in holster and machete in hand,
Stealthily pass in the night, cut the wires,
Spring on the parapet, kindle the fires.
The sentries on duty are swept from their feet
With murderous bullet and deadly machete.
A panic ensues for the moment; but then
The long roll is sounded, the quick tramp of men
Is heard on all sides; so the leader, Bob Day,
Shouts "Vamose the ranch, away lads, away."
- 2 A rapid retreat, a vault onto horse—
To the hills, to the hills they are taking their
course.
At a good swinging gallop they ride full three hours;
Rest their steeds—"list! hark! saddle boys, by the
powers!
That's the tramp of pursuers." They have mounted
again
And are speeding away over valley and plain;
They gain for a time on the band in pursuit,
"Ho, ho," laughs Bob Day, "every dandy galoot
Is safe and sound yet, and if horse-flesh holds out,
In less than an hour we'll be in our redoubt."

- 3 The sun has arisen—"look! look down the road;
See that squad of guerrillas bent on plunder—by
G—d!
We must rescue the women those scoundrels have
bound—
Charge 'em boys." Four rascals have bitten the
ground;
The three women mount on the steeds thus released,
Then all speed again towards the hills in the east.
"We are half a mile yet in advance of yon troop,
And we lack a doggoned heap of being in the soup;
Look to your tools, boys, there's four to our one,
And if they round us up there'll be bushels of fun."
- 4 A volley of musketry rings on the air—
"Ride to the front, we will bring up the rear,"
Said Bob Day to the Cubans who smiled in reply,
"Nay, we are not cowards, we fear not to die.
Stop not for us if we fall in the strife,
But ride for the lines as you value your life;
We know how to handle our weapons full well,
And, come to the worst, our lives we can sell;
My life is no more than yours, senor," says she,
"And I'll part with it freely for Liberty."
- 5 A volley—another—two men bite the dust—
"Take to the timber—we'll whip 'em, or bust—
Up the ravine—by the big sainted Turk,
But we've got 'em demoralized! shoot in your
work—
Dismount—keep your cattle 'twixt you and the foe."
A dozen or more of the foemen lie low.
The senoras smile for in front of them lay
The forms of four horsemen that fell in the fray.
Now one-half of the foemen are stealthily seen
Moving through copse that commands the ravine.
- 6 "Mount again, charge the troop that are barring the
path—
Swing the trusty machetes, boys, like demons of
wrath,"

They break through the press, but five brave men
are slain,

And one of the women is stretched on the plain.
They are spurring their steeds and now gain on the
foe,

For their swift headlong charge had a dozen laid
low.

“On, on to the hills, we have friends over there—

See! they check the pursuit—the fiends do not dare
To come within reach of the lion, hurrah!

We are safe amongst friends, hurrah, boys,
hurrah!”

BILL JONES.

THE LAST PRIVATE OF LEE'S ARMY.

- 1 Bill Jones was a soldier boy true;
He had fought all the way through the war;
He trained with the BUTTERNUT crew
And carried full many a scar.
He fought as a private soldier;
Simply one of the rank and file;
No man had a heart that was bolder;
Though many could sport more style.
- 2 William Jones was oft grimy and sooty,
But he knew how to handle his gun;
He was never a dude nor a beauty,
But a hero when fighting was on.
He was never a flincher from danger;
He always obeyed his commanders;
And on duty as gunner and ranger
Would outswear a trooper in Flanders.
- 3 He follows the rattle and boom
Of the cannon, where General Lee goes,
And never is he left at home
To take care of twenty stout negroes,
Like many a fire-eating ranter
That is lucky enough to be rich,

For Bill isn't the son of a planter;
And must fight till he reach the last ditch.

- 4 But now, it is more than a score
Of years since the fighting is over;
Yet Bill, as a church-mouse is poor,
Or a pig that has ne'er tasted clover.
He lives in a cabin that's rented,
Dines on bacon, corn-dodger and pones,
And ne'er since we left Appomattox
Had I seen my old comrade Bill Jones.
- 5 Says I "Hello! Billy, good morning!
Don't you know me, you doggoned old stager?"
When he answers me "Whut ez yer handle?
Air yer guv'nor 'er kernul 'rmajor?"
"Ho!" says I, "Bill, you rusty old bummer,
We were privates in company K,
And we fought under Longstreet that summer
In old Pennsylvania."
- 6 As in language terse, pointed and graphic,
I talked of brave Pickett's command;
A bountiful smile and seraphic
His countenance did expand.
"I've ben the most lonsomest critter,
I told yer, in ole Tennersee;
Fer I've looked many a year fer a soldier
What fout under Jacks'n 'nLee.
- 7 I foun' three what trained under Johnston,
'N two frum th'army uv Hood;
One cripple thut fit with Dick Taylor,
But none that 'ith Kirby Smith stood.
Thank th' Lord! here's my ole frien' Jack Maddox
Puts er thar jes' as squar 'za Journal,
Thet, sence he lef' Appermattox,
He hasn't growed inter a Kernel!
- 8 Say Jack! I've jes tookened a trip
All erround at a heap uv expense;
An' the privates roster is nit,

While the Ossifers roll is immense.
 I called fer er show uv th'han's
 In Marylan' my Marylan'
 But I foun' the last private had gone;
 There was nary a han', no nary a han'.

- 9 I wen' down ter Fortress Monroe,
 Then over ter ole Richmon' town;
 Thar was nary a private lef',
 But thet rus'y ole bummer, Tim Brown;
 Yer may travil th'rail-road kyeer
 Frum Tampa ter ole Baltimo',
 An' daggone it all Jack, I swar,
 Not a private his noddle 'ud show.
- 10 I driv 'ith ole Spavin ter Tex,
 I taurked 'ith both Yankee 'n Rebel:
 The privates hed passed'n ther checks,
 'R as some sed 'hed gone ter the debbil.'
 But 'n Marylan' V'ginny', Kyarerline,
 'V kernuls thar crap wez immense;
 Thar war twenty-seven thousan' an' nine
 Er straddlin' stool, donkey'r fence.
- 11 Thar air fellers what taurks by the'our,
 Over coffee'n lobsters'n chowder,
 'V their valor, thair bravery 'n power,
 W'en th'fack is they never smel't powder.
 'Nwhite-livered scoundrels z'heap,
 'Fa sentry hed tole 'em ter stan'!
 'Nd hev runned like er passel'v sheep,
 Air ther braves' men now'n th'lan'.
- 12 How off' I've been moanin'n winkin'
 Thet ther private soldiers'v Johns'n
 'N th'others whut fout agin Link'n
 Hev dwin'ld ter fiv'r six doz'n.
 An' 'tsfunny thet aurl'r foun' worthy
 'V promotion erbove us ole stagers,
 Fer we fin' thet young men less'n thirty,
 'R'allready dubbed cap'ns an' majers.

- 13 'N sometimes we fin' turbid souls
Eternally growlin' 'n furssin;
Jes' like us at one time sech big fools
Thet each thaurt he c'd whip harf'r dorzen
We hev wearily tramped o'er the road
Frum Richm'n ter Charls'son 'n Cairo,
'N fer fightin' n marchin' n bile
They air welcome ter hev my full sheer, oh!
- 14 Jack Maddox, dear fren'v m'heart,
I know doggone little 'bout flattery,
'N I see you hev changed a right smart
Sence we trained 'n ole Puwtermugs battery.
Huh! 'twas music then, sweet to our ears,
T'list to the shells dainty whistle;
'N we fared through four wearisome years,
Many s the time 'na soup-bone 'rgristle.
- 15 'N ez'n due course uv events
Each galoot chap mus' pass'n his checks
Es he's borne ter ther rear frum th'tents;
Your turn, Jack'rmine may kum nex'.
But while we're permitted to live;
Whatever our rank, race or nation,
Let us pray the Great Father to give
Us hearts meet and fit for our station.
- 16 And, Maddox I often have thought,
Though we suffered and bled for the Gray,
That in casting the nations accounts,
It is well that our side lost the day.
And, though in our own heart of hearts
To Dixie we'll ever be true,
We will cherish our GRAND COMMON LAND,
And live—aye! and DIE for the Blue."



BIANCA CAPELLO.

A FRAGMENT OF A 16TH CENTURY TRAGEDY.

ACT I—Scene 4—(Room in Capello's palace.)

(Enter Bianca) Bianca—"Sold! like an ox that's for the market gorged! Aye! sold! to minister to foul corroding lust!

To populate the state, forsooth, ha! ha! (laughs)
With sickly progeny and cankering scrofula!
Must I? A scion of that race whose mighty prowess
In the long-gone days when Adria's isles,
Now crowned by lovely Venice, had slight coherence,
Unmarked by pile and colonnade, and where
The humble fisher craft, in tortuous course
Unchallenged passed where now the glorious pillar
Of Saint Mark defies the'mbattled world—bah!
What, then, was Venice? What, then, the race
From which the merchant princes of today
Are proud to claim descent? What but a band
Of desperate ruffian thieves and outcasts foul,
Forced by an outraged people from the main,
And driven to shelter 'mid the rushes of the noisome
Rank lagoon? Patrician blood! indeed!
The finest strain that courses through the veins of
Araby

Is strengthened when 'tis mixed with Tartar blood
Inured to arduous exercise upon the steppes.
The golden tiara adorned with gems
That graces now the brow of England's queen
Was once a pirates treasure.

If fond tradition errs not, my own fierce nature
Is derived from Suabian loins unwilling lent
To bold patricians lust three generations gone.
Thence, taken by childless wife and claimed, forsooth,
To further ends of state and selfish policy,
And increased prestige give to name of Morosin.
Patrician blood! a farce! Guard kingly blood
With jealous care from plebian contact: What then?
Do we not see a race dwarfed, imbecile, deformed,
A prey to vicious lusts, unbalanced, weak?

Without the aid of nobler intellects raised from the masses,

The glorious fabric of the state would totter,
And law give place to chaos. Anarchy
With baleful hand would seize the reins of state,
And, in a wild ungoverned mood would dash
Like storm-driven bark upon a dangerous coast.
Patrician blood! It sickens me to note the stress
Laid on the accident of birth by those with whom
I am in daily contact thrown. To see the mass
Of books in libraries filled—filled, page on page, with
what?

The vilest trash forsooth: the pedigrees
Of purse-proud—pirates—if backward traced
To the paternal head. I will have none of them,
Not I. I will not mate with base voluptuous churl,
'To bolster up a falling family, or minister to
Brutish ravening lust. Rather will I bestow my hand,
(And with my hand such fortune as by force or stealth
I can appropriate) on that young prentice Pietro,
Whose uncle lives in Florence. I faith!
He is a comely youth, and bold.

But yestere'en, upon the Grand Canal,
Did he not almost make me own my love,
When I, by strength of my patrician birth,
Would at a distance hold him? True.

I feel that I with Pietro could endure
The world's cold shoulder, brave its shrugs, its frowns,
And be to him a true and loyal wife. Aye,
Though e'en gaunt Penury with foul embrace
Should clasp me, and force me earn my bread
With vile, ungainly thrift; seaming my features
With furrowing lines of care and petty troubles;
Bending the plastic contour of my form
With unaccustomed toil, decked in
The tattered garb of dreary indigence.

I WILL BE FREE. Patrician was I born;
And I with safe-guards appertaining to my sphere
Have been hedged round. Pride, caste,
The love of power inherent in mankind,
My own ambition (of which I have a vague imagining),

Parental love, the love of kindred, friends—
 All, all should have due weight in my determining;
 But free, wild, violent as was my Suabian ancestress,
 I hate the very thought of slavery, though gilded
 With the fairest pearls of Ind. My father tells me
 That he has pledged my hand. My hand! To whom?
 To one who is a libel on the name of man;
 Base, sensuous, sodden, ignorant, vile;
 Devoid of all that raises man above the brute.
 And I, perforce, must be the wife of such! Must drag
 Life's lengthening chain tied to such incubus.
 It must not be. Before high Heaven,
 On bended knee, I vow that never, never will I,
 A willing or unwilling bride be led to gratify
 The lusts of such a vampire, bestial, brutish, gross.
 Never, never. Tonight, beneath the shadow of Saint
 Mark

I'll meet my lover and arrange our flight,
 Bidding adieu to Venice. Where then?
 To Tuscany where Pietro says he has an uncle
 High in the duke's esteem, who will his influence invoke
 To favor us. Yet I am sad, am sad
 At thought of leaving Venice, Queen of the seas,
 Proud empress of the East. To bid adieu to home
 And all that makes life glad, to leave thy Grand Canal
 Thy watery, safe and noiseless streets
 To tread the stony hills and paves of Florence,
 Where, as to sailor from the seas returned,
 The ground will seem unstable to my feet.
 Down, tears! fie! fie! adieu, adieu." (exit)

"MY CAMBRIAN LASS JEAN."

1. The songsters of Castile may boast of the charms
 Of Spain's dark-haired passionate maids;
 And Attican poets vow none can compare
 With those of Olympian glades;
 The Gaul may affirm that for beauty and grace
 You must search by the waves of the Seine;
 But there dwells not a maid in the universe wide

That I love like my Cambrian lass Jean.

CHORUS.—

There is none like my Cambrian lass Jean;
In my heart she reigneth supreme;
Oh! there dwells not a maid in the universe wide
To compare with my Cambrian lass Jean.

- 2 I have known many damsels, in various climes,
With features more faultlessly fair;
More polished in manner, more graceful in form,
And gifted with intellects rare.
No fortune has she nor blazon of birth,
Nor argent or golden sheen;
But soul-jewels lovely as pearls of the sea
Grace the brow of my Cambrian lass Jean.

CHORUS—

- 3 It may be the eyes of my Cambrian lass Jean
Do not scintillate, sparkle and shine,
Nor captivate lovers like those in the lands
Of the olive, the figtree and vine;
Less classic her profile, perchance, than the maids
On the banks of the sunny Egean;
But there's constancy, love, virtue, honor and truth
In the breast of my Cambrian lass Jean.

CHORUS—

- 4 No mixture has she of base alien blood—
Shemitic or Mongal strains;
Neither does the fierce blood of the desert
Course maddening through her veins.
Unlike the Sirrocco's scorching breath,
But placid and calm and serene
Like to a deep ocean current
Is the love of my Cambrian lass Jean.

CHORUS—

She dates not her lineage back to the days
When William with blood-reeking hands
Divided amongst his partisans
The stolen Saxon lands.
Titled blood may not course through my mountain
girls veins,
Yet in my heart she reigneth supreme,
And the heraldic page could not add one whit
To the charms of my Cambrian lass Jean.

CHORUS—

MARIAR! MARIAR!! MARIAR!!!

BEING A PORTION OF A SERENADE DELIVERED BY MY
FRIEND THOMAS CATT ESQUIRE.

- 1 I have traversed the plains with an emigrant train;
Big Injuns I've slain by the score;
I have shot elk and moose on the Saskatchewan,
And seals on Alaska's cold shore;
I've been roused from my slumbers, on Neptunes
broad breast,
By the maddening cry of fire!
But this shocks my nerves more than all sounds
combined;
Mariar! Mariar! Mariar!

CHORUS—

Mariar! Mariar! Mariar!
Oh, list to my tuneful lyre;
There's no tune invented, by man so resented
As this chorus, Mariar! Mariar!! Sh—

- 2 I have known cannon rattle and tear up the ground,
With twenty-two hundred weight loaded;
I have ridden a mile on a huge granite rock
When Altruria mountain exploded;
I heard Bill Stubbs howl as the toe of my boot
Drove him plump through a thicket of briar;
But there's naught like a T— Cat that enters the
yard
And shrieks out Mariar! Mariar!

CHORUS—

- 3 A pig may squeal lustily under a gate;
A dog may howl loudly and long;
I bid them defiance and sleep soundly on
Through the din of a Japanese gong.
Loud thunders may peal, Big Injuns may squeal
Like when David of old slew Goliath;
But sleep quick dispels if a Thomas C— yells
Mariar! Mariar! Mariar!

CHORUS.

RD - 17 ERRATA.

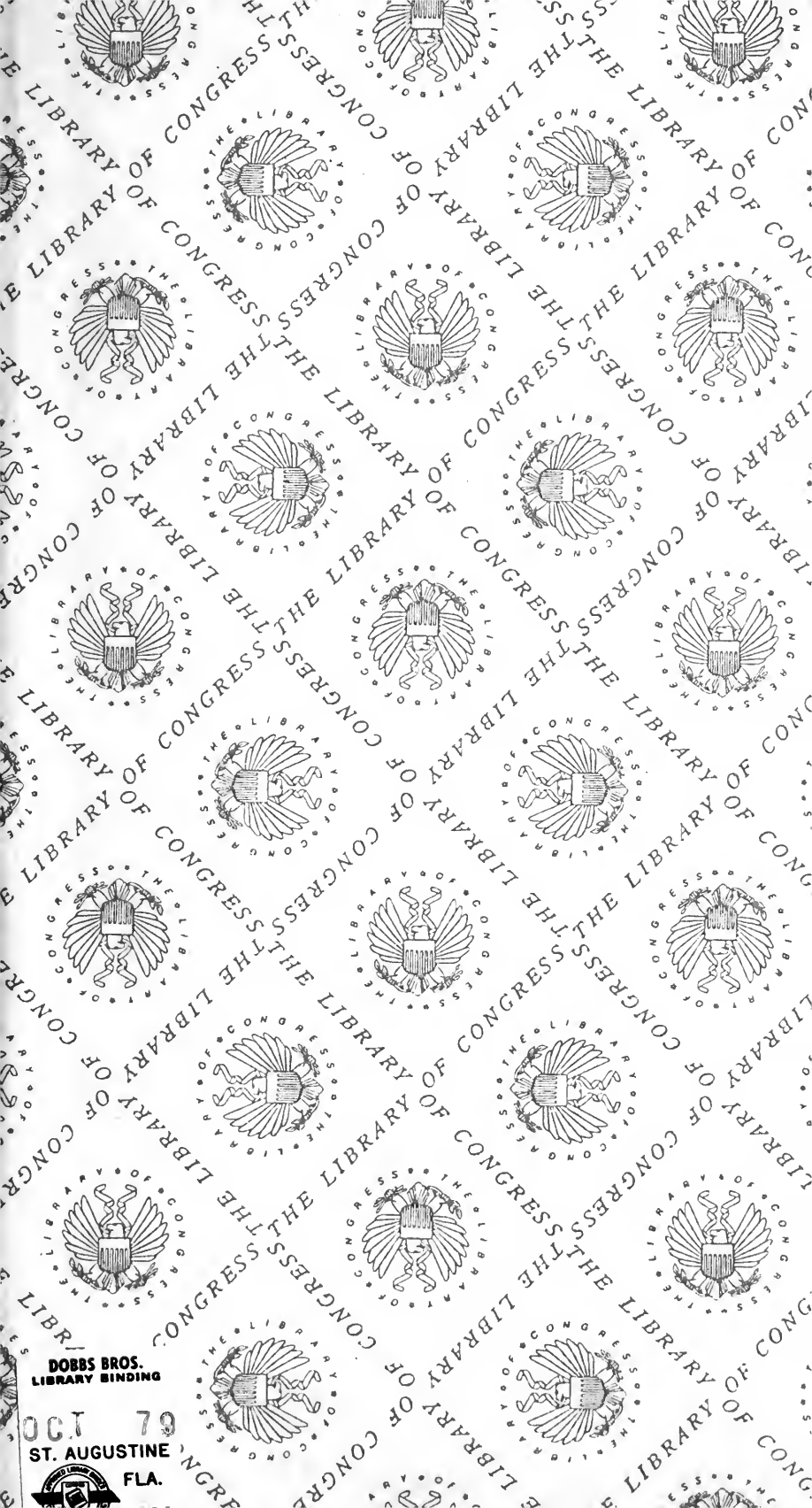
The fifth stanza of Shiraz should read:
Judges, Prophets, Priests, Martyrs and Kings thou hast
known;
Saul, David and Solomon, kingly in glory;
Fair Sheba acknowledged the half was untold—
Land of the Orient famous in story.

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